

643.2/5
14

E L E G Y

TO THE MEMORY OF

DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON;

By THOMAS HOBHOUSE, Esq.

—————Occidit, occidit
Spes omnis, & fortuna nostri
Nominis. ————— HOR.



L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR JOHN STOCKDALE, OPPOSITE BURLINGTON-HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

M.DCC.LXXXV.

[PRICE SIX-PENCE.]

[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

E L E G Y

TO THE MEMORY OF

DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON

By THOMAS HORHOUSE, Esq.

of

the

Bar

at

Occasion, &c.

Specimens of the

Hor.



L O N D O N

Printed for JOHN STOCKDALE, opposite the BARRINGTON HOUSE, T. C.

MDCCLXXXV

[Faint text, possibly a printer's mark or signature]

[Faint text, possibly a printer's mark or signature]

E L E G Y, &c.

TH E moon, reposing on yon pine-tree tops,
With a soft radiance silvers all the copse;
Nor aught is heard above, nor aught below;
No flood to murmur, and no gale to blow;
But dove-wing'd Silence, hovering o'er the scene,
Sheds a mild grandeur, and a dead serene.

Now,

Now, Fancy, loveliest of the cherubs ! guide,
 To where old Thames surveys his Gothic pride ;
 There let me range the statue-glimm'ring pile,
 Down the long horrors of the midnight isle ;
 Join the sad band, that clasp their *Johnson's* urn ;
 With SCIENCE, praise him ; and, with VIRTUE, mourn.
 Ev'n there he lies ! the greatest, and the best ;
 By Genius flatter'd, and by Power carefs'd ;
 His merits flown to Him, from whom they came ;
 And all his honours shrunk into a name !

Yet fell he not by fortune's sudden rage,
 But the slow waste of all-consuming age ;

And

And the same heav'n, that, in his well-tried youth,
 With mis'ry's clouds o'erhung the paths of truth;
 Bade his declining years from struggling cease,
 In the smooth vale of competence and peace.

* How full of sadness was the morn, that gave
 His mortal part for ever to the grave!
 With what deep awe the sable pomp roll'd flow,
 Thro' walks of gazers, and thro' streets of woe!

I M I T A T I O N.

* Can I forget the dismal night, that gave
 My soul's best part for ever to the grave!

TICKELL.

B

E'en

E'en dull indiff'rence melted at the view,
 As friendship took a long and last adieu;
 While from the priest the solemn sentence falls,
 That adds a guest to Britain's dearest walls;
 'Mid chiefs, for arms; for justice, statesmen priz'd;
 And bards, by him * again immortaliz'd!

But the lost sage, for whom his country mourns,
 A laurel, fairer than a bard's, adorns.
 Why droops the sufferer, his lov'd name to hear,
 Eyes the faint babe, and sheds the desperate tear?

* In his last and greatest work, "*The Lives of the Poets*:" a performance, to which a rival will not easily be found, by any age or country.

Is't,

Is't, that proud GENIUS hail'd him, as his own?

Or SCIENCE plac'd him on her loftiest throne?

That WIT's keen breath the living line inspires,

And all the Muses warm with all their fires?---

In want himself, he wept a friend's distress;

His Little still was charitably less;

And, e'er a *Johnson's* appetite was fed,

A starving *Savage* shar'd the untasted bread.

O Pity, parent of each bliss refin'd!---

Wealth can but sooth, not humanize, the mind!

Not the light graces of the dancer's bound,

Or soft *Italia's* magic-warbling sound,

Can

Can bid the wounded heart forget to bleed;
Or pay the raptures of one generous deed.

In that dire hour, when Falshood shrinks with dread,
To see destruction tott'ring o'er her head;
Applauding Conscience breath'd a sacred calm,
And Resignation shed her heav'nly balm;
Faith cheer'd his soul with brightest ray serene;
And wond'ring Angels eyed the pious scene;
'Till the freed spirit fought the blest'd abode;
And hardly trembled to behold his God!

Tho' he, the child of virtue, be no more,
Others inspir'd shall act his actions o'er;

His

His last dread precepts ever shall survive,
 And *Johnson's* death shall teach the world to live;
 'Till Sophistry with disappointment groan,
 To see an host of Christians spring from one.
 As some tall oak, that had for ages stood,
 The venerable shelter of the wood;
 His crops diminish'd, and his strength decay'd,
 His glories levell'd, and destroy'd his shade,
 Ev'n from his fall, a nobler purpose knows;
 And bears the thunder on his country's foes.

But thou, bright Saint! (if now thy blisful shade
 Regard the sorrows, which thyself hast made;)

C

Say,

Say, may a Stranger's murmurs, here below,
 Join the sad chorus of a nation's woe?
 May he, with trembling feet, approach thy urn,
 And, whom he hop'd to cherish, dare to mourn?-----
 What, tho' the Muse but vainly deck thy tomb,
 With a gay chaplet's perishable bloom!
 Yet shall fair TRUTH in lasting accents tell
 Of him, who liv'd her champion, and who fell:
 Her JOHNSON lost, his sacred mem'ry keep;
 For ever honour, and for ever weep.

J. Hobhouse

THE END.

This Day is published by JOHN STOCKDALE, opposite Burlington-House, Piccadilly.

SHAKSPEARE.

Printed from the Text of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON and GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq; in one large volume, octavo, on fine royal paper, and embellished with a striking likeness of the author, Price

£.	s.	d.	
0	15	0	in boards,
0	17	6	bound in calf, and lettered,
0	18	0	elegantly bound in calf and gilt,
0	19	0	neatly bound in Russia leather, gilt,
1	1	0	neatly bound in vellum, gilt,
1	5	0	bound in Morocco extra,
And 3	3	0	bound in tortoise-shell,

STOCKDALE'S EDITION

OF

SHAKSPEARE,

INCLUDING THE WHOLE OF HIS

DRAMATIC WORKS;

Compiled from various COMMENTATORS.

" Nature her pencil to his hand commits,
" And then in all her forms to this great Master fits."

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

A new edition of SHAKSPEARE, and an edition of so singular a form as the present, in which all his plays are comprehended in one volume, will, perhaps, appear surprising to many readers; but, upon a little reflection, their surprise will, the Editor doubts not, be converted into approbation.

Much as SHAKSPEARE has been read of late years, and largely as the admiration and study of him have been extended, there is still a numerous class of men to whom he is imperfectly known. Many of the middling and lower ranks of the inhabitants of this country are either not acquainted with him at all (excepting by name) or have only seen a few of his plays, which have accidentally fallen in their way. It is to supply the wants of these persons that the present edition is principally undertaken; and it cannot fail of becoming to them a perpetual source of entertainment and instruction. That they will derive the highest entertainment from it, no one can deny; for it does not require any extraordinary degree of knowledge or education to enter into the general spirit of SHAKSPEARE. The passions he describes are the passions which are felt by every human being; and his wit and humour are not local, or confined to the customs of a particular age, but are such as will give pleasure at all times, and to men of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest.

But

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

But the instruction that may be drawn from SHAKSPEARE is equal to the entertainment which his writings afford. He is the greatest master of human nature, and of human life, that, perhaps, ever existed; so that we cannot peruse his works without having our understandings considerably enlarged. Besides this, he abounds in occasional maxims and reflections, which are calculated to make a deep impression upon the mind. There is scarcely any circumstance in the common occurrences of the world, on which something may not be found peculiarly applicable in SHAKSPEARE; and at the same time, better expressed than in any other author. To promote, therefore, knowledge of him, is to contribute to the general improvement.

Nor is the utility of the present publication confined to persons of the rank already described; it will be found serviceable to those whose situations in life have enabled them to purchase all the expensive editions of our great Dramatist. The book now offered to the public may commodiously be taken into a coach or post-chaise, for amusement in a journey; or if a company of gentlemen should happen, in conversation, to mention SHAKSPEARE, or to dispute concerning any particular passage, a volume, containing the whole of his plays, may, with great convenience, be fetched by a servant out of a library or closet. In short, any particular passage may, at all times, and with ease, be recurred to. It is a compendium, not an abridgment, of the noblest of our poets, and a library in a single volume.

The Editor hath endeavoured to give all the perfection to this work which the nature of it can admit. The account of his life, which is taken from Rowe, and his last will, in reality, comprehend almost every thing that is known, with regard to the personal history of SHAKSPEARE. The anxious researches of his admirers have scarcely been able to collect any farther information concerning him.

The text in the present edition has been given as it was settled by the most approved commentators. It does not consist with the limits of the design, that the notes should be large, or very numerous: They have not, however, been wholly neglected. The notes which are subjoined are such as were necessary for the purpose of illustrating and explaining obsolete words, unusual phrases, old customs, and obscure or distant allusions. In short, it has been the Editor's aim to omit nothing which may serve to render SHAKSPEARE intelligible to every capacity, and to every class of readers.

Having this view, he cannot avoid expressing his hopes, that an undertaking, the utility of which is so apparent, will be encouraged by the public; and his confidence of a favourable reception is increased, by the consciousness that he is not doing an injury to any one. The success of the present volume will not impede the sale of the larger editions of SHAKSPEARE, which will still be equally sought for by those to whom the purchase of them may be convenient.

* * * Gentlemen in the country finding a difficulty in procuring the above valuable work, by directing a line to Mr. Stockdale, opposite Burlington-house, Piccadilly, appointing the payment thereof in London, shall have it immediately forwarded, carriage paid, to any part of Great Britain.

KINGSWESTON-HILL, a POEM. Price 1s. 6d.

A new edition of SHAKSPEARE, and an edition of the poems, in which all his plays are comprehended in one volume, will, perhaps, appear surprising to many readers; but upon a little reflection, their surprise will, the Editor trusts, be converted into approbation. Much as SHAKSPEARE has been read of late years, and largely as the admiration and study of him have been extended, there is still a numerous class of men, whom he is imperfectly known. Many of the middling and lower ranks of the inhabitants of this country are either not acquainted with him at all (excepting by name) or have only seen a few of his plays, which have accidentally fallen in their way. It is to supply the wants of these persons that the present edition is principally undertaken; and it cannot fail of becoming to them a perpetual source of entertainment and instruction. That they will derive the highest entertainment from it, no one can deny; for it does not require any extraordinary degree of knowledge or education to enter into the general spirit of SHAKSPEARE. The persons he describes are the passions which are felt by every human being; and his wit and humour are not local, or confined to the customs of a particular age, but are such as will give pleasure at all times, and to men of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest.

